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book contains a well-prepared and full calendar, the ministry, eclipses, law terms, stamps, and a vast variety of information both ordinary and extraordinary; indeed, we should think everything which an artizan, engineer, or builder can require. We have little doubt that the venture will be a decided success.

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**THE BAZAAR**, Dec. 1.—A publication that deserves wide circulation among mechanics and workmen generally. The quantity of sound information and useful hints it contains is surprising.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. V.—No. 219.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 23 JANUARY, 1880.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### AN ABRIDGMENT OF "GREGSON'S FRAGMENTS OF LANCASHIRE."

XII.

THE ancestors of the gallant More of More Hall, who so unceremoniously disposed of the Dragon of Wantley are proved to have had a station in the County of Lancashire from the year 1200. We further trace of this family that John De Le More was a Member of Parliament for Cumberland, in the 6th of Henry 4th, and Thomas Thomas De La More sat also in Parliament in the 8th of Henry 5th, and also in the 8th, 29th, and 33rd years of Henry 6th. From the time of the 4th year of Queen Mary, 1556, to the 10th of Charles 1st, 1634, we count eighteen Mayors of Liverpool out of this family, in the records of that Borough. In the 7th of James 1st, 1620, we find Edward More, Esq., Mayor of Liverpool, appointed High Sheriff of Lancashire, and sworn in his office in the Common Hall at Liverpool, before Sir Richard Molineux, Knight, of Sefton, and Gregory Turner, Minister of Sefton, two of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County. John More was the last Mayor of Liverpool of this family, 1633. About 1560, John More, Esq., of Bank Hall, married the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Molineux, Knight, of Sefton, by whom he had a son, also named John, who was afterwards Colonel John More, who was Governor of Liverpool and Colonel in the Parliamentary army, when it was besieged by Prince Rupert in 1641.\* This same Colonel John More was implicated in contributing and aiding much in the trial and beheading of the unfortunate King Charles 1st, † though his name does not appear upon the warrant. So much indeed was he implicated therein, that it was a difficult matter with all the interest of his son's Northumberland connexions, who were staunch loyalists, to save his lands and fortune to his wife and children, at the restoration.

Colonel John More's only son, Edward More was created the first Baronet of this family in 1673. He was to have been created in 1660, but the *Receipt* was not signed until March 1st, 1661-2, and the patent did not pass the great seal until November 22nd, 1673. He stood as a candidate for Parliament for Liverpool, but was unsuccessful. His lament upon his disappointment on that occasion is published in Kaye's "*Strangers in Liverpool*," for the year 1820.

Sir Cleave More, Baronet, who succeeded his father in title and estate as the second Baronet, was M.P. for Bramber in Sussex, in 1708, and married Anne, daughter and heiress of Joseph Edmunds, Esq., of Cumberlow in Hertfordshire, and granddaughter of Sir Joseph Edmunds, who was Alderman of London. Sir Cleave More, Baronet, soon after the year 1710, sold all his estates in Kirkdale, Bank Hall, Bootle, Linacre, his houses, reversion, and lands in Liverpool, West Derby, &c., also his entire interest in Lancashire; all which lands, houses, &c., have since increased in value most wonderfully. Even at that time Liverpool was beginning to expand, and the lands then sold bring in far more *per annum* at the present time than they first cost the purchasers. It is well-known that sales were made during the last century of some parts of the lands for five times over the value of the first fee simple. With the sale of the lands the connection between the family of More of More Hall and the County of Lancashire ceases, and the seat of the Baronetcy was removed, we believe, to Stamford in Lincolnshire.

The following is from Dr. Enfield's *History of Liverpool*:—"The village of Kirkdale followed the fortune of Bootle after the Conquest,

\* Enfield's History of Liverpool. Folio 13.

† Noble's Life of the English Regicides. Vol. I., secs. 28 and 32.

and became part of the estate of the family of More or De-la More, who about the year 1280, built a seat near Liverpool, called More Hall, and from thence they were denominated Mores of More Hall, soon after which they also built Bank Hall for a country or summer residence in Kirkdale, rear the sea. It was a very curious model of ancient architecture, and doubtless was considered in those days a very grand structure. The front of it was moated with water, over which was a passage two obelisks to the gateway, whereon was a tower on which were many shields of arms carved in stone, of which the most remarkable was that within the court, being undoubtably the achievement of the founder." The family of More appear, from ancient deeds in their possession, to have been the possessors of these halls for upwards of twenty generations. Bank Hall stood near the farmhouse called by the same name. The great hall was a curious piece of antiquity, much ornamented with carvings, busts, and shields. It had no ceiling, but was quite open to the roof, with various projections of the carved parts, whereon trophies of war and military habiliments were formerly suspended. On a wall, between the court and garden was a grand arrangement of all the armorial acquisitions of the family. The shields were carved on circular stones, elevated and placed at equal distances, like an embattlement. This venerable pile was demolished early in the present century. In the military musters of 1574, John More, Esq., in the Hundred of Derbye, was made to furnish one light horse, one corselet, one pyke, and one moraine.

To the four Chantry or Altars of the Old Chapel of Liverpool the lands of the More family paid annually the following:—

To the High Altar, founded by Duke Henry of Lancaster, the sum of .....	9s. 11d.
To the Altar of Saint Nicholas, founded by John of Gaunt, the sum of .....	1s. 7d.
To the Altar of Saint John, founded by John of Liverpool, the sum of .....	0s. 6d.
To the Altar of Saint Catherine, founded John Crosse, (in conjunction with the lands of Robert Haye), the sum of .....	2s. 10d.

We find also that Mr. Robert More, being a chantry tenant of Liverpoole, did purchase lands belonging to the chantries, of the yearly value of 23 shillings, for which he paid the sum of £39. In the King's Rents of Liverpoole, made the 8th October, 1533, (24th Henry 8th,) there is set down:—

"Now 20 pence per annum must be paid by John More."

"Item, the lands of William More, Esq., 49s. 6d."

"The said William, for the rent of an house in Castle Streete, built upon a vacant ground of the said William, letten unto the King's farmors, to discharge the said William of the rent of 4s. by the year, so long as the said William and his heires, and the sayd farmors should be contented, 4s."

Sir Cleave More, the second Baronet, was indisputably the originator of the Bootle water works, for in the eighth year of Queen Anne, he obtained a private Act of Parliament for the purpose of turning the water, which from Bootle springs discharged itself into the sea, from its course, and bringing the stream, which was very copious and of very fine, soft, pure water, to Liverpool. The first attempt was not made, however, until 1772, when the Act being found defective, another Act was obtained in 1799, and, after a lapse of a century from the original movement of Sir Cleave More, the water was brought from Bootle to Liverpool.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactury, Levenshulme,) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

The arms and achievements of the Mores were re-granted by patent, 9th Elizabeth, 1567, by L. Dalton, Norroy King at Arms, and were as follows:—1<sup>st</sup> Argent, 3 greyhounds, courant in pale, sable, collared or, for More; 2<sup>nd</sup> Argent, 10 trefoils, slipt, vert, 4, 3, 2 and 1, for Turton; 3<sup>rd</sup> Sable, a buck's head cabossed, within an orle of 10 escallop shells, argent, for Chamberlayne; 4<sup>th</sup> Argent, a griffin rampant, sable, for Griffin; 5<sup>th</sup> Argent, a chevron engrailed, between 3 garbs, sable, for Derby; 6<sup>th</sup>, as the first, Crest, a moor cock, volant, gutte' de poix, combed, wattled, in its beak an ear of wheat. Motto, whilst in Lancashire, "Dieu et mon port," but since then changed to "Comme je fus." Some of the family quartered Broughton with Hawarden of Woolston, which was *argent, gutte' sable a fess nebule of the second*. Sir Edward More, 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet, married as his first wife, the daughter of Sir William Fenwick, Bart., of Mildon, in Northumberland, who was, as were the Mores, a great and liberal landholder in Liverpool. Their names are still commemorated in *More-fields, More Street and Fenwick Street*, in that town.

### THE BALLAD OF MISS MC.GHIE.

[BY T. A., JUNE.]

**C**HIRE was a gentle lady who was very fair to see,  
Whose tender appellation was Matilda Jane Mc.Ghie;  
The name may not be noble to the gentle reader's ear,  
But in the days of chivalry to know it was to fear.

The pedigree  
Of Miss Mc.Ghie  
Was very marvellous to see;  
And many a wondrous tale she told  
Of deeds that came but from the bold;  
And though they were a trifle old,  
Her auditors were never cold,  
But listened with a raptured ear  
The tales of such a sylph to hear.

Oh, Miss Mc.Ghie was charming, as I have observed before,  
And won the heart of every wight whose lot it was to know her.  
And in the night Matilda heard full many a joyous song,  
That toll of some unfortunate the "madding crowd" among;  
Some poor infatuated one that sighed to say "My own!"  
Some poor infatuated one but doomed, alas! to moan,  
And failed to grasp the treasure that too loftily had grown.

Now, Miss Mc.Ghie's attractions won the faithful love of one  
Whose only satisfaction in her eyes for ever shone,  
He courted her unceasingly from morn till dewy eve,  
And even when the moon arose was very loth to leave.  
But Miss Mc.Ghie's Paternal looked particularly grim,  
And that young man was never slow in acting up to him.  
For he inherited the pluck his father loved to show,  
And when his mighty wrath was up his hands were never low;  
And hence that ardent lover, when the moon arose on high,  
Passed sadly to his clouded home to ponder and to sigh,  
And murmur to his weary heart "I feel as I would die!"

But Miss Mc.Ghie was cruel to the sweet and loving youth,  
And when he told her of his love, she only said "Forsooth!"  
For she had got within her "eye" an ideal young man,  
And clothed him in perfections such as only women can.  
"I cannot love gentleman," said gentle Miss Mc.Ghie,  
"Who has not got a figure that is beautiful and free;  
I love the look of flowing curls, but, far ahead of all,  
I love the upper lip that hath a hairy waterfall!"  
(By which she meant a big moustache, it may be well to add,  
For Miss Matilda's metaphors were sometimes very bad).  
That youth he listened carefully, and straightway murmured he,  
"I yet may win the precious love of tender Miss Mc.Ghie.  
"O, I will get me a moustache, and do my head in curls,  
"Since such hirsute adornments are effective with the girls!"  
He straightway sought a barber, and he said, "I want a shave!"  
The barber scanned his youthful cheek, and looked a little grave,  
"What part am I to act upon?" the puzzled barber said,—  
"The only hair I see about is that upon your head!"  
"O, act upon the upper lip!" the tender youth replied,  
And caught a sob of agony and smothered it inside!  
The barber shaved the upper lip, and charged a penny more,  
And left the self-same upper lip as hairless as before.

The tender lover sought his home and put himself to bed,  
And dreamt to have a fair moustache as massive as his head;  
And when a week had flown, he sought the mirror, but, behold!  
His visage was as innocent and hairless as of old,  
And there arose within his heart a resolution bold.

He sought the nearest chemist, and he bought a shilling tin  
Of some productive mixture, and was jubilant within;  
"If this is not effectual, I'll cross the raging sea,  
"And die in sweet seclusion for my love of Miss Mc.Ghie!"  
Twas in the same determined strain soliloquised he.

The youth applied the mystery, and rose the morrow morn,  
And, gazing in the mirror, felt exceedingly forlorn,  
For on that noble upper lip he saw a yellow stain,  
That being one time settled there, would not depart again;  
And the fair hair that he had curled a little while before,  
Was now as lank, as weedy, as it ever was before!

O, need I say that tender youth, beneath this weight of grief,  
But swallowed sobs the livelong day, and used his handkerchief.  
He made another effort for the heart of Miss Mc.Ghie,  
She said, "I'm very sorry, but you ain't the man for me!"  
And straightway did he sit him down and write his elegy.  
He drooped, as droops a flower in the keen and cruel blast,  
And all his love-sick agonies were quickly of the past;  
And Miss Mc.Ghie, who crushed the love both beautiful and real,  
Was left to plod the universe in search of her "Ideal."

One luckless day she found him, and her heart within her leapt,  
And all the agonies of love in that fair bosom crept;  
She loved with all the passion that the heart can ever feel,  
And sighed for the affections of her beautiful "Ideal."  
But who can tell the misery of tender Miss Mc.Ghie.  
When that same gentleman observed "You're not the girl for me!"  
And thus decided on the point, "To be or not to be!"

O, blighted like an autumn leaf, she sadly pined away,  
There was a fire within her breast that never could decay;  
And in the fullness of her love she left this vale of tears,  
And sought the fair unfortunate she killed in other years.

### MORAL.

Be gentle with the flowers that bloom on fair affection's soil,  
Or, if you drive them to the tomb, beware of the recoil.

### QUILL PENS.

**C**HE earliest pens, such as were used for writing on papyrus with a fluid ink, were made of reeds. Reed pens are still in use in Arabia, as they suit the Arabic character better than quill pens. These reeds are collected near the shores of the Persian Gulf, whence they are sent to various parts of the East. Quill pens are chiefly supplied by the goose, swan, and crow—the ostrich, turkey, and other birds occasionally contributing. Crow quills are usually employed in fine drawings, on account of the fine point to which they can be brought. Goose quills are employed for ordinary writing; but swan and turkey quills, being larger, are preferable for copying. Two principal sorts of quills are known in commerce, viz., Dutch quills, which are transparent and glass-like; and Hamburg quills, which are milk-white and clouded. Dutch quills are much esteemed; the Dutch were the first to find out the art of preparing quills for market, by removing the oil which impregnates them, and prevents the ink from flowing freely along the pen. Quills are obtained in the greatest quantities from the countries along the Baltic; Hamburg is still the principal place for preparing and exporting them. Next to the Hamburg and Dutch quills, those of Riga are much liked, especially in England. The manufacture of steel pens does not appear to have diminished the demand for quills. In 1855 we imported, independently of our home supply, 26,500,000 goose and swan quills. The quills used are the five outer feathers of the wing, which are classified according to the order in which they are fixed in the wing, the second and third being the best. With proper management, a goose may afford twenty quills during the year. In the fens of Lincolnshire, geese are kept in large numbers. During the breeding season they are lodged around the owner's house. A gooseherd, it is said, can distinguish every goose in the flock by the tones of its voice.—*Cassell's Technical Educator*.

### COUPON DINNERS.

Four Courses, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

## THE SOCIAL KALEIDOSCOPE.

We have before us a second series of admirable social sketches under the above title from the pen of Mr. G. R. Sims, whose "Dagonet Ballads" we had the pleasure of noticing a few weeks ago. Since the days when "Sketches by Boz" took the reading public by storm, we have seen no series of essays which has taken our fancy so much as the "Social Kaleidoscope." Mr. Sims, as a writer who can not only amuse, but at the same time appeal to the most powerful feelings of our nature, takes rank with the best authors of his day, and what we may yet expect from a pen so versatile and so productive as his, although at present a sealed book, will be looked forward to by all who admire these beautiful and masterly sketches with no small degree of pleasant anticipation. The work consists of twenty-five figures or sketches, which are taken from life, and are drawn with a vividness which leaves nothing wanting, on the part of the author, to fix the attention, and to call forth the admiration of the most fastidious reader. At once spirited and natural, truthful and romantic, they will bear reading over and over again, and with each reading will burst forth fresh beauties and greater satisfaction. We advise each and every one of our readers to procure a copy of this sixpenny bijou, and to commence the reading of it at once, feeling assured that such reading, when once commenced, will continue to the last, and leave a longing wish behind to see more of the productions of the same prolific pen.

## PORTRAIT: FIGHTING FITZGERALD.

He was under the middle height; "his person very slight and juvenile; his countenance extremely mild and insinuating. The existing taste for splendid attire he carried to the utmost. The button and loop of his hat, his sword-knot, and his shoe-buckles were brilliant with diamonds. His coat and vest were as rich as French brocade and velvet could make them. He wore a muff on his left arm, and two enamelled watches, with a multitude of seals dangling from either fob." Another writer describes the muff as "drawing the eye of the public by its uncommon size; it fell from his chin to his toes!" Indeed, his fondness for glittering baubles and ultra-fineness amounted to a passion. At a later date, when his house at Torlough was sacked by the mob of Castlebar, he estimated his loss, in jewels and embroidered robes, at upwards of £20,000. Among the articles purloined on that occasion he mentions—"a casquet containing a complete set of diamond vest buttons, two large emeralds, a hatband with five or six rows of Oriental pearls worth £1,500, a large engraved amethyst, a gold watch and chain studded with diamonds, several other gold watches and seals, a great number of antique and modern rings, gold shoe and knee buckles, silver-shaving apparatus, several pairs of silvershoe and knee buckles, with £6,300 worth of other jewels." This diminutive, youthful-looking, and ornate Fitzgerald was pronounced "an effeminate little being" by those of his own sex who did not know him. As to those who did—"He was so light, foppish, and distinguished, none could think he was the man who had fought more duels than any other of his time." The dames without exception pronounced him "a fascinating creature." Nor was the opinion confined to them. One who owed him no goodwill, Sir Jonah Barrington, allows that "a more polished and elegant gentleman was not to be met with." And the renowned "Dick" Martin, who met him pistol to pistol and got the worst of the encounter, confessed the strong impression made upon him by "the elegant and gentleman-like appearance" of his antagonist. Even polished Paris admitted itself surpassed in all that was graceful and splendid by this extraordinary young Irishman. "Qui est ce seigneur?" asked the Parisians of one another, on seeing him for the first time. "D'où vient-il? Il n'est pas François. Quelle magnificence! Quelle politesse! Est-il possible qu'il soit étranger!" Let us now conceive this dazzling outside as covering the best and boldest rider, the deftest swordsman, the surest shot, and the most reckless gambler of the day; let us conceive him with literary tastes, an author and a patron of authors; with as much subtlety as daring; with intensest pride of race and intensest contempt for all that was vulgar; and with a repugnance that was absolutely passionate for the gross vices and carnalities and the coarse amusements of his era—and we shall have some idea of what "Fighting Fitzgerald" really was.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. May be had from Burdon & Co.; Woolley's; Auty & Firth; Woodhead & Son; Holgate & Co.; N. Gould & Co.; Beeley & Gardiner; Lamb & Holmes; Cadman; Leek; Smallman; Woodroffe, and all Grocers.  
MAKERS—BROOK & CO. 76, HANOVER STREET, MANCHESTER.

## EDITORIAL AMENITIES.

EDITORIAL personalities are now nearly entirely abolished from the leading journals of New York and the other large cities of America; but many of the Southern and Western papers keep them up the same as ever, and the editors fire away at each other day by day after a fashion that must gratify their readers, we suppose. Looking over our exchanges, we came to the Raleigh *Standard*, and we found nearly the whole editorial page of the latest issue at hand occupied with personalities, of which these are specimens:—"The Newbern *Times* man thinks we can't afford to keep a dog. He don't know anything about it, as he has never asked us to keep him yet." "The Goldsboro *Messenger* has an editorial headed 'Senseless.' It is probably a condensed biography of its editor." "The Newbern *Times* man says there is something in the dictionary about us. Anxious to return the compliment, we are now engaged in reading Roget's 'Lives of Fools' in expectation of finding something about him." "The angel caused Balaam's ass to speak. We have acted the part of the angel toward the local of the Newbern *Times*, and, like the other ass, he has spoken." "The Newbern *Times* thinks we often get into water too deep for us. Possibly; but he will never run the same risk, as he never uses any water, internally or externally. He had better do so while he can, for by-and-by he will go where there is none." We cannot quote any more of these Carolina gems. But in other articles the editor styles another editor a "puke," and another a "nuisance; he charges several others with drunkenness; he says the editor of the *Star* "ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and we hope the editor of the *Observer* will be the one to do it."—*New York Times.*

## LOUIE'S PORTRAIT.

**L**IGHT as is a summer's day,—  
Fair as the first bunch of "May,"—  
Pleasant as a woodbine spray  
Gathered fresh and dewy;  
Welcome as the first spring flower  
Opened in a sunny hour,  
With a wondrous wealth for dower,—  
This, and more, is Louie.

Bright as primrose newly blown  
In the pinewood all alone,  
Starlike on its mossy throne,  
'Neath the branches shady.  
Glad as light leaf fluttering  
In the balmy breath of Spring,—  
Glad as bird on airy wing  
Is my little lady.

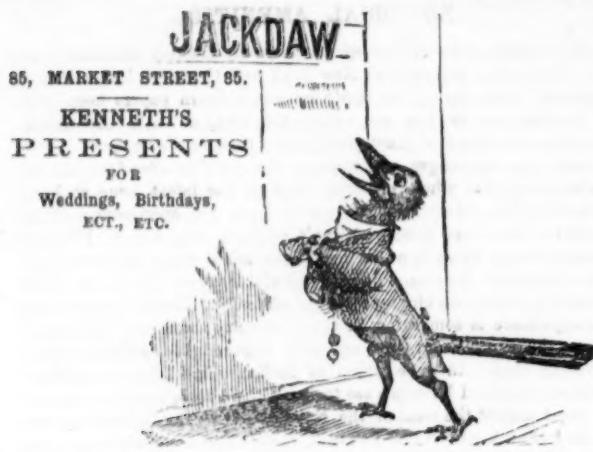
Welcome she as violets blue  
That the Spring has waked anew,  
Emblems they of love so true,—  
Love as true as ours;  
Glad as thrush that pours its strain  
Through long days of cloud and rain,  
Or, when sunshine comes again,  
Sings amid the flowers.

Brightener she of weary days,—  
Grief sees much to love and praise  
In her merry, winsome ways,—  
Kisses warm and dewy;  
Full of pleasure-plans is she,  
Light of heart and full of glee,  
So these careless rhymes shall be  
Portrait of my Louie.

Whalley Range.

K. T.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.—Elderly Sister: Oh, I haven't patience with you. The idea of marrying at your age!—Elderly Brother: But why not? Surely a man getting on for seventy—Sister: Nonsense! You'll never see seventy again!—Brother: The more reasons for my settling at once. Why, good gracious, Maria, who'd have me at a hundred?—*Funny Folks.*



85, MARKET STREET, 85.

KENNETH'S  
PRESENTS  
FOR  
Weddings, Birthdays,  
Etc., Etc.

## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—Pantomime—*Dick Whittington and His Cat*.  
Prince's Theatre.—Pantomime—*The Forty Thieves*.  
Queen's Theatre.—Pantomime—*Old Mother Goose*.  
The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment—*Performing Elephants*,  
The Folly.—Variety Entertainment—*Furini's Friendly Zulus*.  
Free Trade Hall.—Diorama—"Route to India."  
Cooke's Circus.—Chepstow Street.  
Whate's, Bridge Street.—German Fair.  
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

"HAVE you heard of the robbery at the Queen's Theatre, sir? our P.D. asked us yesterday. "No," we replied, hastily snatching up our editorial quill, "how did it happen?" "Why, sir, the *Forty Thieves* have been and stole the *Goose* and given it to *Dick Whittington's Cat*, so they've had to stop the Pantomime." We made a grab at his retreating form, but only succeeded in knocking our knuckles against the closing door. That boy will have to leave.

"Nine waggons of a goods train left the rails on Monday, near Dunfermline."—*vide Examiner and Times*. What an astonishing feat! we suppose from the announcement that the waggons of a goods train are accustomed to take the rails along with them as they go.

THE State of Mains has recently been in the awkward predicament of having two governors and two legislative bodies. We should call that "being too much governed." The Republican party have, however, made good their position, and gained the victory by a *Coup de Main* (e).

THE weather forecast predicted snow on Saturday last, but the snow, having no sympathy with the meteorological office, would not make its appearance. Well it's (*s)no(w*) matter, the officials served the weather out, for they did not predict any weather at all for the next day or two; but the weather continued to arrive whether or no.

THE Tonic Sol-Fa Association, according to a recent announcement, has 40 classes at work in various states of efficiency. We should like to see a contest between these bodies for money prizes; it would be a notable contest—in fact a second battle of *Sol-fa-Rhino*.

THE next number of the *Nineteenth Century* will contain an article on Lord Chelmsford and the Zulu War, from the pen of Mr. Archibald Forbes.

IT is said the Government are going to pass a strong measure on the Irish Land question, and thus leave the Liberals nothing to do when

they return to office. We feel heartily sorry for the prospect of political bankruptcy in store for the Radicals. But really the strong measure of reform is so likely to be only a homeopathic dose of compensation for improvements that the country cannot believe the good news. Besides, Lord Beaconsfield is not the man for "heroic" measures, even to "dish the Radicals," and so the story is not very probable. In fact, it reads like another general election "move," a bid for the Irish vote.

THE *Courier* will in its future numbers contain a legal column. If the other columns remain as before the contrast will be remarkable. But all depends on what the *Courier* considers legality. We should not wonder if it regarded some of its former columns as legal. Supported by its legal column the *Courier* will dissociate itself from its weekly supplement, which will henceforth have an independent existence. We were wondering what it would be a supplement to, until we read that it would be sold for one penny.

MR. GRANTHAM, M.P. for East Surrey, has been *Tutting* his pipe at the Balham Hotel to the Balham and Upper Tooting Society for the Dissemination of Truth, and by way of aiding his modicum to that attribute he says that Mr. Gladstone's utterances are simply lies, that that gentleman says one thing at one moment and another thing next. He asserts that the Right Hon. gentleman would sell his *very soul* to keep the Tories out of office. If these are the truths which are disseminated by the members of the society, heaven grant 'em fortitude to bear the burden. If truth exists at the bottom of a well, as the proverb has it, Mr. Grantham has never looked in at its mouth. To improve upon a favourite aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield's, the speaker was "stultified by the preponderance of his own scurrility."

LORD DERBY's definition of the Policy of the Government as one of gunpowder and glory is an extremely happy one, and Sir Stafford Northcote is so fond of it that he has actually appropriated the fitting cap and placed it upon the heads of the ministry, whereas the noble Earl only spoke of their policy.

IT is not true that the driver and guard of a Lancashire and Yorkshire train have been discharged for punctuality; they were merely very severely reprimanded and cautioned, as the consequences might have been serious.

THE REV. C. MILLER, Rector of Harlow, Essex, who has held that appointment for twenty years, has been suspended for two years for getting drunk. Moral—"There was a *jolly miller* once," &c.

THERE are four M.P.'s who have been making vindictive speeches against Mr. Gladstone during the past week. We give their names and titles in full:—

The Hon. Lieut.-Col. Algernon Fulle Egerton, *Secretary to the Admiralty*.

The Hon. Lieut. Lord George Francis Hamilton, *Vice-President of the Council of Education*.

The Hon. Lieut. Robert Bourke, *Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs*. Alexander Staveley Hill, Q.C., *Judge Advocate of the Fleet*.

As each of these gentlemen is in receipt of £2,000 a-year as salaried officials under the present Government, we do not wonder at their simultaneous burst of patriotism, which prefers a good salary and Tory misrule to Gladstone and a reduction of £2,000 a-year to themselves.

WE hope that Dr. Farr's successor will not *Ogle* the returns, but look into them honestly and fairly, as his predecessor did.

MORE annexation on the west coast of Africa. Another nice little snug appointment or two to be made. Has Lord John Manners any more relations to be provided for? His washerwoman would do.

PERHAPS, as Cyprus was talked into a second Malta or Gibraltar, this glorious acquisition of Grand and Little Popo will be announced as a second Cape of Good Hope.

**SMOKE INDIAN LUNKAH CHEROOTS,** 2d. and 3d. each.

The Trade Supplied. WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA STREET, and 66, MARKET STREET.

## FROM THE "REFEREE."

So dear old Jim Fraser, D.D., is spliced at last, and the most popular bishop of the day has made his quarter-century sweetheart Mrs. F. It was a charming little wedding, so quiet and nice, just what a marriage ceremony ought to be—a sacrament and not a theatrical show, with Sanger's circus outside the church and a Gaiety burlesque inside. Jim was a little nervous, and Dean Stanley shed tears, though why it is hard to imagine; but the bride was all smiles and happiness, and wasn't a bit frightened at being married to a real live bishop. When the marriage bells rang out, her friends whispered, "Hear it not, Duncan, for it is thy knell." Of course it was, you know. She was Duncan; now she's Mrs. Fraser, Bishopess of Manchester.

THE happy pair have gone to Torquay for the honeymoon. Jim is famous for his powers of talk upon anything, from ballets to babies. His enemies call him talkee-talkee Fraser. And now he is going to have a talkee (Torquay) honeymoon. N.B.—I apologise for the atrocity, but a little licence is allowable under the circumstances. A bishop doesn't get married every day.

THE Town Council of Manchester have had a furious fight on the Sunday question. Alderman Bennett proposed, and Alderman Heywood seconded, an organ recital of sacred music on Sunday in the Town Hall, and the Sabbatarian party shrieked with horror even at that. One would think that sacred music was just the one thing that might be allowed. The division on the question was twenty-seven a side, and the Mayor gave the casting vote against, so the working folks of Manchester can guzzle and loll the Sabbath away as heretofore, and they must wait till they die and become angels before they can hear sacred music on a Sunday. I suppose the strictest Sabbatarian will allow the angels to play and sing on Sunday.

## THOSE "PUNCIN" RADICALS.

SURELY the journalists of the *Courier* are getting short of metaphors and similes. In Tuesday's issue commenting upon a case of brutality in Salford, in which a man was killed, they condemned severely the too frequent practice of kicking by Lancashire operatives, but, as though struck by a bright idea—doubtless all the brighter from being borrowed—appropriately—from Mr. Bright's speech at Pomona Gardens.—they remark that Mr. Higgins, chairman of the Quarter Sessions “entertains right views upon the subject.” He says truly that the amount of brutality there is amongst the lower class of people in Manchester and neighbouring towns is “positively appalling.” Addressing one of the fraternity Mr. Higgins said:—“You think no more of knocking a fellow-creature down in the street and smashing his skull or ribs or any thing else than in taking a glass of beer.” This state of things is a peril to the orderly and respectable inhabitants, and it rests with the magistrates to inflict such punishment upon the perpetrators of those crimes as will have a civilising influence upon the fraternity. From physical violence the transition will no doubt be to violence of speech, but that may be borne with more or less complacency. The gentry who coolly refer to their political opponents as thimble riggers, who speak of the members of the Government as liars, tricksters, and cut-throats, belong in all probability, to the class who, as Mr. Higgins says, think nothing of knocking a fellow-creature down in the street and smashing his skull, only they are one step nearer civilisation.”

It is refreshing to learn the *Courier* regards Mr. Bright as one step more civilised than one of Mr. Charley's kicking supporters, but whether the compliment can be returned to the *Courier* it is not safe to assume—because the whole gist of the remark evidences no small share of insolence on the part of the *Courier* scribe. It is more than probable that the culprit in the case is one of the contributing parties in the famous “Bung and Bible Alliance” which voted Mr. Charley into Parliament, the prisoner representing the bung party.

VENTILATING A GRIEVANCE.—By the way, the Judges, jurymen, and barristers are continually complaining of the stuffiness of our courts. We can quite imagine that the younger barristers would do this, and with good reason. For the only way to render their seats less “stuffy” is to give a number of them “silk” instead.—*Fun.*

## BRITISH SAVAGERY.

WAS it not Burke who said the age of chivalry was dead? While we can scarcely reconcile our minds to this in the face of heroic deeds still performed, not only on tented fields, but daily in our very streets, we must confess that the British savage is not yet extinct. He does not certainly go in for painting his body in terrifying and terrific colours, but his savagery manifests itself in a peculiar form of foot and mouth disease. William Sikes, Esq., goes home and kicks his wife within an inch of her life, and is fined probably twenty shillings and costs by a sympathetic Bench; but there is another form of savagery now conducted amongst certain enthusiastic young Britons quite as reprehensible as that mildly absurd amusement indulged in by Mr. Sikes. The columns of the dailies bristle, during the early part of the week, with specimens of this savagery in the Football field. Now and again an addition is made to that noble army of martyrs who have met their death in the wild encounters which there take place, and homes are rendered desolate under circumstances far more pitiable than those of the battlefield. There the soldier nobly dies the death of a hero; but here, tush! the idea will not bear thinking of. Those who have witnessed football, as carried on under certain rules, must be convinced that those rules were drawn up by a committee of lunatics for the guidance of a parcel of fools. Formerly it was considered the proper thing to kick the ball with the foot, hence, football. Now it is the perfection of the game to seize the ball and run about, followed by a lot of, for the time being, yelling fiends. This should be called handball, in contradistinction to football. A Coroner's Jury has just been investigating the circumstances attending the death of Alfred Bibby, of Leinster, at Runcorn. Bibby, it would appear, was one of a team which proceeded to Warrington, on Saturday, for the purpose of enjoying a game of handball. We say this, because one of the witnesses, in his evidence, said, “I had the ball, and commenced to run towards the Runcorn goal.” He must have had it in his hand, because it would be a great feat to run with the ball poised on the boot toe, and it would be *infra dig* to carry it in one's mouth, as a bull terrier would a rat, or a cat her kittens. He continues, “I was suddenly stopped by someone catching hold of me.” He sustained serious injury, and it is just possible that for some time he scarcely knew whether he was maimed or lamed. Another who saw the transaction is not precise in his language. He saw the parties meet, and the deceased fall backwards. What he said when they went to him they could not tell. Probably a consoling message to some loved one, or may be a prayer offered up at the throne of Divine Grace, under the terrible feeling that Death was hovering round. He dies almost out of his bed,—another victim immolated on the altar of British savagery. This occurred at a very quiet game. What must a very noisy game be? Pandemonium itself, surely! No wonder the usually contemplative Juryman was somewhat startled. No wonder the unimpassioned Coroner said there was little doubt the practice which had been described of one person seizing the other by the legs should be abolished. No wonder the stoical Surgeon who attended the deceased expressed no surprise at such an accident having happened. “One of the players last week came to seek him with a broken finger. It was a most savage and brutal game.”

Such a state of things must be fraught with grave anxiety to heads of families. It will not do to discourage outdoor athletic games, but certainly such dangerously brutal exhibitions as handball should be put a stop to. Surely some effort should be made by the young men themselves in this direction. They must know that a great deal occurs on the handball fields very trying to the temper, and often resulting in a game of fistcuffs. When a few more young men have been killed handball will probably become unfashionable, but it is painful to think that a large number of victims must be sacrificed before this consummation is attained.

Since the foregoing lines were written, another sample of ferocity has come before the courts: that of Mr. John Barton, labourer, of Salford. This gentleman appears to have been brought into a beerhouse, on Saturday night last, to give his opinion as to the respectability of two decently-dressed strangers who had promiscuously strolled into a public-house. These strangers were first rudely insulted, and, finally, one of the “friends” present—Mr. John Barton,

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is the best. May be had from Burgoa & Co.; Woolley's; Auty & Frith; Woodhead & Son; Holgate & Co.; N. Gould & Co.; Beeley & Gardner; Lamb & Holmes; Cadman; Lead; Smallman; Woodroffe, and all Grocers.

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it is alleged—knocked down one of the strangers, named Wild, whose head struck against the kerbstone. The other stranger had, in the meantime, gone into a yard, there to vindicate his title to the name of a true Briton, and also, in some sort, defend his friend Mr. Wild, who appears to have been a more timorous man than he. However, poor fellow! whilst his champion was doing battle in the yard, he was struck and killed, it is said, by the doughty man who came in his shirt sleeves, as before referred to. The solid fact remains that two peaceable men went into a public-house, and, without quarrel or provocation, one is brutally murdered on suspicion that he is a policeman in plain clothes. Of course, this crime will be reduced to manslaughter, because the culprit will be charitably supposed not to have intended killing his victim. But what are we to think of the culture and refinement (?) of the class represented by Mr. Barton, whether he or one of his friends struck the fatal blow? The contemplation of this fact is painful. There is not a single ray of light in the matter. The savagery of this class of true Briton is deplorable, and not much in advance of the friendly Zulus now in town, and none at all in advance of the celebrated "heathen Chinese." And this after nearly two thousand years of Christian preaching and teaching! It is earnestly to be hoped that the law administrators will visit these kicking and fighting scoundrels with the severest punishment they have it in their power to give, followed, at a convenient time, with an enactment for the use of the cat. The crimes which the public suffer from the kicking ruffians are not the result of ignorance so much as viciousness, and this may be cured by severity in punishment.

#### HEIGHT OF PLACES ABOVE THE SEA LEVEL, 5th APRIL, 1873.

The following gives the height above the sea level of several places in, near, and around Manchester:—

Feet.	Feet.
Ashton .....	340
Broughton-lane .....	89
Broughton, Lower .....	91
Broughton, Higher .....	185
Cheetham Hill .....	250
Chorlton-cum-Hardy .....	70
Davyhulme .....	50
Denton .....	300
Didsbury .....	100 and 119
Droylsden .....	300
Elizabeth-st. (corner of) .....	180
Fairfield .....	300
Fixton .....	66
Harpurhey .....	235
Heaton Chapel, Hawthorne Grove .....	233
Heaton Mersey .....	150
Heaton Norris, Christ Church .....	250
Kersal Moor .....	250
Kersal Old Racecourse .....	100
Levenshulme .....	179
Longsight .....	150 and 168
Middleton .....	262 and 355
Newton Heath .....	280
Oldham .....	600 and 843
Oldham-street (Manchester), top of .....	161
Peel Park .....	80
Pendleton .....	156
Philip Park .....	170
Piccadilly .....	147
Queen's Park .....	236
Reddish Hall .....	260
Rusholme .....	134
Stalybridge .....	367 and 485
Stockport .....	134
Stockport Reservoir .....	139
Stockport, St. Thomas's Ch'ch .....	256
Stretford .....	87
Urmston .....	68
Victoria Park .....	150
Waterloo-road (corner of) .....	182
Withington .....	115
Worley .....	98 and 136

#### SKETCHES BY JINGO.

##### XXVII.—LONG HUNGRY LENT!

SOME years ago there stood on the outposts of the pretty little village of E—— an old thatched cottage, the occupants of which were an eccentric old couple, who were known as Mr. and Mrs. Swash. Many were the "scenes" which took place between this worthy pair, as neither were ever inclined to forego their opinion upon any matter, and as Mr. Swash had what is popularly called "a will of his own," it is scarcely surprising that they should often fall into a disagreeable war of words. One day old Swash came home with a fine-looking ham under his arm. It was a few weeks before the month of February

that is to say, before the advent of Lent; and as Swash knew that ham and animal flesh advances in price at that penitential time, it is scarcely surprising that he should say, upon presenting himself at the door of his humble abode: "Neaw, Mally, oppen th' dur, un let me bring in this yere ham." "Why, Yeb," said the astonished matron, "wheere hast' get that fro'?" laying a particular stress upon the last word. "Never thee moind, owd wench," replied the imperturbable Swash, in a tantalizingly mysterious tone of voice. "Theaw'r not to touch it, let mi tell thi, for it's for *long hungry* lent when he comes, un wi mun save it for him—so moind theaw take greight care on't." "Aw reet, owd lad," said Mally, secretly resolving to slice a few substantial collops on the first opportunity from the luscious-looking ham, and thinking to herself the while, "Aw reckon if Mesther Lung Hungry Lent coes for his ham, it'll do no harm fort' ha' a bit ov it, if only fur takkin' care on't!" A day or so passed quietly by, and the ham still reposed in the corner of the spacious kitchen. About a week after, however, Mr. Swash happening to go out for the day to a neighbouring village on business, with the nature of which, of course, we have nothing to do, Mrs. Swash made the greatest of her many conjugal mistakes. She was sitting by her comfortable fireside darning her husband's stockings, when she was disturbed by a knock which came from the front door. Going to the door, she found herself confronted by a man, who appeared as though the good things of this life have not been dealt out to him with a liberal hand. Mrs. Swash's thoughts immediately flew to the ham in the kitchen, and she began to wonder if the person she saw before her was the *Mr. Long Hungry Lent* her husband had spoken to her about as being the owner of the ham. "What's your name, mesther?"—and, without giving the fellow time to reply—"Is it Lung Hungry Lent?" The stranger, evidently deeming that something of importance lay beneath her words, and winking cunningly the while: "Aye, aw reckon it is; for aw'm booth lung, hungry, un my cloas are *lent*, so ut aw think aw'm noan so far off th'description of th' mon yo're tawkin' abeaut." Mrs. Swash gave a sigh as she went into the kitchen, and unhooking the ham, brought it to the door, saying: "Well, if yo're name is what yo' sen it is, this ham's bin waitin' for yo' above a wick. My husband browt it, un said aw wur keep it till yo coom for it." "Thank yo, missis," said th' mon, with pretended humility: "aw'm sure aw'm greightly obligated to yo', un yo' may be sure aw shall think o' yo' when aw'm aitin' th' ham. Good mornin', missis, un give my best respects to yo're hubstunt, un tell him that Lung Hungry Lent has bin fur his ham." When old Swash returned home he kicked up a jolly row, in which as a matter of course, Mrs. Swash played a prominent part, and judging from the bent condition of the poker, and a black eye which disfigured the countenance of Swash, the giving away of the unfortunate ham had met with the stern disapproval of the exasperated old man.

#### CAN A JEW BE A PATRIOT?

THE Tory occupation of mischief-monger has been quite brisk all week; Tuesday—market day—being particularly fresh. The Jew-sympathy-trade was having a run, and Isaacs were in good demand. Though Mr. Gladstone and Professor Goldwin Smith, with Messrs. Leake and Hirsch (of Manchester), were lugged in to "bear" the market, there were a good many *Courier* "bulls." It was said, in explanation of the *Courier*'s desire to "trim" the market, that they were short of capital (political), but the eminent firm of Isaacs declined to buy. The *Courier* also introduced Baron Worms, the patriot-monger, and, it was thought, might even produce some "verbosity" bulls, along with a plentiful supply of Mac bulls, stamped "J. W.;" still the Jew dealers would not buy, and the market finally closed with great depression among the holders of *Courier* stock. This fact was held to prove that Isaac still knows where to expect "shent per shent," and is therefore a patriot (when his interest runs in that direction). The holders of *Courier* stock are understood to contemplate the creation of a new company, to be styled the "Jew, Jingo, Bung and Bible Company, capital unlimited." It is intended the governors shall be the Diet of Worms.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."—English Buyer: But you ask too much for her, Pat,—Irish Farmer: Shure I couldn't let her go for such a trifle, barrin' I wasn't paying' rint this year!—Punch

**SCENE AT THE SWINTON AND PENDLEBURY  
LOCAL BOARD:**  
**THE CLERK AND HIS SALARY.**

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

In obedience to your command that I should make a true and faithful report of the sayings and doings of the above now notorious board, I proceed to lay before your (and my) respected readers the following little *fracas* which took place at the usual monthly meeting last week. Mr. T. Broadbent occupied the chair, Messrs. Hulme, Howarth, Seddon, Monks, Kidd, and Bowker being the members who were present on this (in) auspicious occasion.

Mr. Howarth wishing to know whether a sum of £21 paid by the board at a previous meeting had been repaid to the Treasurer, the Clerk said the money would be repaid to the Treasurer after the board had heard his (Mr. Hewetson's clerk's) statement.

Mr. Howarth (bristling up): Then if the board does not agree with your statement, the money will not be refunded? The Clerk (doggedly): That is not so. I make the statement to show the true fact of the case.—Mr. Howarth (interrupting the Clerk): Refund the money first, my boy. Mr. Monks (looking with an eye of compassion at the poor clerk who stood in silent anguish at the further end of the room as became one under strict—and just—examination): I think we should have the statement read first. The Clerk (casting a grateful look of gratitude at the last speaker): Oh! thank you, Mr. Monks; 'twas only what I expected from such a gentleman as I know you to be. (Cries of dissent from the opposition benches.)

Mr. Bowker was of opinion that the clerk had better retire during the reading of the statement, this opinion being supported by Mr. Monks.

Mr. Howarth—who, by the bye enjoys the same degree of (un) popularity upon this board as Mr. Mather does upon that of Eccles and Barton local board—still harped upon the question of the £21 being refunded, and, like a man with one idea, clung with disagreeable tenacity to his subject of complaint. The statement—of which the following is an *epitome*—was then read:—"Mr. chairman and gentle men,—It is doubtless within the recollection of the board that at the last monthly meeting a sum of £21 was allowed me as being the amount of my bill for certain work done." (The statement then went on to describe the terms upon which he (the clerk) was entitled to claim an extra allowance for work done apart from his general routine of business.) "The reason why such charge came before you arose out of the following (and signed by C. C. Smith): 11th of March, 1878, that the Clerk's salary be increased from £130 to £150 per annum." I may here state that the charges were made for matters that came within the Public Health Act. 1875.

Mr. Monks moved that the statement be accepted without note or comment.

Mr. Kidd, seconded the motion.

Mr. Howarth—Before doing that I think we ought to have an understanding about the statement. [Gazes around the room as though he dared the obsequious clerk to "come on."]

Mr. Monks—The interests of this Board and the district will be best served in the way I have moved.

Mr. Howarth (shifting his ground in a way peculiarly his own)—Do you think the clerk treats every member in a gentlemanly manner? I know, for myself, that one day, when I passed him in the street, he did not appear to deem it his duty to salute me as becomes an inferior to a superior being.

Mr. Monks—I have seen nothing different since I have been here.

Mr. Howarth—if Mr. Hewetson would only treat me as he treats the other members the state of things connected with the Board would have been different to what it is now. Had he served you, Mr. Monks, as he has served me, you would not have talked in that kind of manner; and to accept an apology (referring, of course, to the statement just read) is a long way off being right.

The Clerk (evidently deeming that it was now his turn to speak—he having entered the room a few minutes before)—I considered I was only making a fair charge.

Mr. Bowker strongly objected to the payment of the £21 claimed, as he thought the ample salary the clerk drew was sufficient to cover any amount of extra work he might do. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Howarth (to the charge again, brave man!)—I think the clerk should show under what Act he could make the numerous charges submitted to them.

Mr. Monks was of opinion that if they had to pay some one else for legal (?) charges they would have to pay five times the amount.

Mr. Howarth was willing to pay good wages—[Good heavens! I should like to know what he calls *bad wages*]—but then he liked to know what he was paying for. He thought it would have been more honourable of the clerk if he had sent in his resignation—(sensation)—and then the matter could have been properly tested.

Upon the motion of Mr. Bowker, seconded by Mr. Lyon, the words of the resolution passed on the 11th of March, 1878: "only charging in matters under the Public Health Act," were revoked.

## TWO "BRIGHT" IDEAS.

### 1. CONCERNYNGE YE PRIME MINISTER.

The spider, as you know—I don't know much about it, but we are told that it spins from some source of raw material inside the yarn which it wishes to make use of. With this yarn he weaves a very intricate and ingenious web, and with this web he catches flies. The Prime Minister has spun yarn and woven webs, and he has caught a great many flies, and, so far as I find, the flies seem rather to like it, and in that fact we have at least the explanation of that sort of swollen eminence to which he has attained.

### 2. CONCERNYNGE YE CONSERVATIVE CLUB.

Dr. Johnson said to a young man who was not to be commended, "You must have taken immense pains with yourself. Naturally you could not possibly have been as stupid as you are."

## THE COMING ELECTION.

THE Liberal Whip has recently obtained returns from nearly every constituency in the kingdom, and the result is eminently satisfactory to the leaders of the party. They now feel absolutely assured of victory at the general election, unless the local agents of the party are grossly misinformed or stupidly incapable. It is, of course, never possible to forecast with certainty the course of constituencies under household suffrage. They are tossed about by every wind of opinion, and an event might happen between this and the general election which would upset all present calculations. Barring any such contingency, the estimate of the Liberal managers is that they will win twenty-six borough and seven county seats in England, ten seats in Scotland, and six seats in Ireland, of which, however, four will be taken by the Home Rulers. Leaving the Home Rule seats out of view for a minute, the total gain of the Liberals will be forty-five, counting on a division. Thus, not only would the Tory majority be extinguished, but the Liberals would command a sure and steady majority. The House of Commons consists at present, speaking roughly, of three hundred and fifty Conservatives, two hundred and fifty Liberals, and fifty Home Rulers. The abstraction of forty-nine votes, including the four Home Rulers, reduces the Conservatives to about three hundred, and at the same time raises the Liberal party to about the same number. The balance of power, therefore, rests with the Irish party; but it is well known that there is a large section of that party who are Liberals first and Home Rulers after. At least one-half of them will give a steady support to the Liberal party; and Lord Hartington and his friends may therefore take office secure for at least a couple of sessions of a considerable and obedient majority.—*The World*.

## THE BISHOP'S MARRIAGE.

THE *World* says the register at the church at which the Bishop was married declares him to have been a bachelor of full age, and Miss Duncan to have been a spinster of full age. Now, either the register is curiously drawn, or the writer of that formula was something of a wag. We have a dim recollection that we were said to be of age when the twenty-first birthday came, and the question arises, did the clerk or the curate who drew the entry slyly poke his fun at our Bishop and his wife, or did they really look so young on that gay morning that he lost his dead reckoning and made a bold guess at propriety by calling their ages as full? Perhaps he had feasted of bride-cake, and unconsciously described his own paunch!

**RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.** **HOPWOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream,** recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 11/-. **H. & CO.'S Sedative Cold Cream,** 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.

## LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

## HORATIUS AT HOME.

**S**TRAIGHT from his swim in Tiber,  
Horatius hastened home—  
He lived where now St. Peter's stands—  
High rears its noble dome—  
And, as he stepped on his front-step,  
Horatius's wife did say :  
“ You'll wet the new hall-carpet !  
Go round the area-way.”

He stayed the Tuscan foemen  
Until the bridge went down ;  
Then had his swim in Tiber  
Soaked him from toe to crown :  
And when his wife gazed on him,  
His fate she soon foretold :  
“ You've caught your death of danger;  
You'll have a dreadful cold.”

With speed he changed his toga,  
Put slippers on his feet,  
And sat beside the fire place  
Where he could feel the heat ;  
His wife, with female wisdom,  
Hot baths put to his toes,  
And flannel on his thorax,  
And goosegrease on his nose.

“ Now sit thee down, Horatius,”  
His wife did sharply say ;  
“ Whate'er may hap, you don't go out  
Again this blessed day.  
The babe rock in the cradle,  
If he should chance to cry,  
While I make up for supper  
A Roman beefsteak-pie.”

Horatius read the paper,  
And sipped some linseed tea,  
And when the babe did chance to cry,  
He danced it on his knee ;  
And when the feast was ready,  
He ate his beefsteak-pie,  
And when he sought his couch that night  
He was completely dry.

Yet ere the moon marked midnight  
His teeth began to ache,  
And with the throes of ague  
His limbs began to shake,  
Grim pleurisy pinched at his side,  
Rheumatics twitched his toes,  
Pneumonia was in his lungs,  
And snuffles in his nose.

For many days in autumn,  
And when the Tiber froze,  
He nursed his teeth, his limbs, his side,  
He nursed his lungs and nose.  
Quinine he swallowed by the pound,  
And lots of mercury,  
And every night he drank a quart  
Of red-hot honest tea.

“ Horatius, you're a donkey ! ”  
Quite oft his wife would say,  
“ If one would cross the Tiber  
A bridge is the true way.  
Why, e'en in showery weather  
I'll never leave our roof,  
And risk a cold, unless I wear  
Goloshes and waterproof.”

Horatius, 'mid his sufferings,  
By the nine gods he swore  
That unto Father Tiber  
He'd trust himself no more.  
He swore that, if there came again  
A need to save fair Rome,  
He'd let some other hero bold  
Receive the glory—and the cold—  
While he remained at home.

—Wolverhampton Lantern.

W. D. J.

**TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC**gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in  
weakness and general debility. 1/3 and 2/0 of Chemists.

## CATS.

**J**HATE and abominate a cat, and everything which begins with *cat*. It is singular that they are all unpleasant, or unlucky, or unsafe; for instance :—

Cat-a-combs	remind you of deaths, funerals, and mummies.
Cat-alogue	sale of effects, some poor devil done up.
Cat-aplasm	a boil poulticed.
Cat-aract	sore eyes, Sam Patch, and devastation.
Cat-arrh	head stuffed, running of the glands.
Cat-echism	equally unpleasant in youth and marriage.
Cat-egorical	argument, which is detestable.
Cat-erpillars	beasts who foul nature.
Cat-erwaul	horrid variety of love.
Cat-gut	street music, hurdy-gurdy.
Cats-paw	a calm, with a prize in sight.
Cat-achreris	of abuse story logic.

As for a *cat* itself, I cannot say too much against it; and it is singular, that the other meanings of the single word are equally disagreeable, as to *cat* the anchor, is a sign of *going to sea*, and the *cat* at the gangway is the worst of all.—*Diary of a Blasé*.

## SHAKESPERIANA.

## WORDS AND LINES.

**S**HAKESPERE'S vocabulary—the number of words he used—was no fewer than 15,000. Of these about 2,000 have dropped out of the so-called “standard” English of our day. In the last act of *Othello*, of every five nouns, verbs, and adverbs, four are Teutonic. His diction in comedy is more Teutonic than in tragedy. The following is a computation of the number of lines contained in the admitted plays :—

Winter's Tale	3,343
Twelfth Night	2,608
Comedy of Errors	1,807
Measure for Measure	2,914
Tempest	2,245
Merchant of Venice	2,709
Love's Labour Lost	2,814
Much Ado About Nothing	2,707
As You Like It	2,780
Taming the Shrew	2,285
Merry Wives of Windsor	2,329
Two Gentlemen of Verona	2,306
King John	2,639
Richard II.	2,794
King Henry IV.—Part I.	3,116
" Part II.	3,265
Henry V.	3,272
Midsummer Night's Dream	2,182
All's Well that Ends Well	3,094
Henry VI.—Part I.	2,694
" Part II.	3,072
" Part III.	3,913
Richard III.	3,050
Henry VIII.	3,175
Hamlet	4,058
Macbeth	2,341
Othello	3,584
Timon of Athens	2,490
Antony and Cleopatra	3,509
King Lear	3,442
Cymbeline	3,718
Coriolanus	3,767
Julius Caesar	2,599
Romeo and Juliet	3,057
Titus Andronicus	2,532
Troilus and Cressida	3,575

Total number of lines..... 105,972

The shortest play, therefore, is the Comedy of Errors; the longest, Hamlet.

## NOTICE EXTENDED

From January 22nd to February 7th, 1880. The following advertisement was formerly for 21 days, but in consequence of so many HUNDREDS of inquiries made to R. BANKS by letter, post card, messenger, &c., asking him if he would favour them with a Sitting for their Photographs at one-half the usual price, providing they send in their names during the advertisement of half-price, and PAY WHEN THEY COME to have their Photograph taken. The following is a copy of

### THE REPLY.

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